

CONVOCATION NUMBER

McGill Daily

MONTREAL, MAY 5th, 1919.

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MCGILL'S FIRST PEACE CONVOCATION IN FIVE YEARS WILL SEE SOME CHANGES: MAY 22nd IS TO BE PROVISIONAL DATE

Departure of Familiar Figures of Sir William Peterson and John Macnaughton Will Give Tinge of Sadness to Ceremony—Sir Auckland Geddes Will Not Be Present, is Latest Report—Many Festivities Planned by Senior Students For Graduation Week.

The latest reports concerning Convocation this year are to the effect that the ceremony will take place on May 22nd, but as other arrangements may of necessity be made at the last moment, the date is not absolutely fixed.

It does not seem likely that Sir Auckland Geddes, McGill's new Principal will be able to be present as the date of his arrival in Canada is set somewhere in June. After his visit to the College, he will return to England to set his affairs in order for removal to Montreal, which will probably take place in September.

Convocation in 1919 will present a very different aspect from the one it has furnished each year since 1914. Then the numbers of the students were constantly diminishing as they felt the call of duty, and the attention of all who were left was fixed with such painful intensity upon the great world-struggle that the once all-important ceremony was almost disregarded save by those who took a direct share in it.

One thing is foremost in the minds of all who think of this year's assembly of faculty and students, and that is regret at the departure of our principal, Sir William Peterson. Enough has been written of his admirable qualities and the work he has done to give outsiders a faint idea of the loss suffered by the College, as a whole, but only those who have been at the University and recognized the large part Sir William played in McGill's daily life can fully realize it.

In addition, John MacNaughton, Hiram Mills of Professor of Classics, is leaving McGill for work elsewhere and his striking personality will be keenly missed by all who have had any acquaintance with him. A Convocation without Principal Peterson or Dr. MacNaughton will seem a strange thing indeed to students of McGill.

Now that peace has come, we see the revival of many of the interesting old customs which it is to be hoped will never again be in such danger of extinction.

In accordance with the traditions of pre-war days, the graduating years in Arts, Science and Law have this year

Convocation Week, 1919

- May 14—R.V.C. Alumnae Tea.
- " 14—Arts '19 Theatre Party.
- " 15—Tree Planting on Campus and Reception.
- " 16—Class Histories and Prophecies Read.
- " 17—Science vs. Arts Baseball.
- " 18—Service at Emmanuel Church, 7 p.m.
- " 19—Senior Dance.
- " 20—Tennis Tournament.
- " 21—Valedictories Read, 8 p.m.
- " 22—Convocation.

planned for a gala week during the period which occurs between the last examination and May 22 on which day the degrees are conferred. Owing to the prolongation of the scholastic year in Medicine, this faculty will hold special exercises at a later date. The social functions which take place during this time always bring back many happy memories to those leaving McGill for the last time and it is to be hoped that all students who can possibly stay over for Convocation week will do so and they will never regret it. The programme of activities in brief is as follows:

Wednesday, May 14th — The Donalds will hold the annual R. V. C. Alumnae tea at which the History and Prophecy of the Class of R.V.C. '19 will be read. It is hoped that all R. V. C. graduates within reach will make it a point to be there. On the same evening the Arts graduating class will hold a theatre party, followed by a banquet.

On Thursday, the 15th, after the unique ceremony of Tree Planting on the campus, a reception for all seniors will be held at the Union, where tea will be served and dancing will be indulged in.

Friday, May 16th, will be the day on which the class histories and prophecies are read on the campus, and in the evening the R.V.C. will revel in a banquet given to the senior girls by those of lower years.

On Saturday, the 17th, the celebrated baseball game of Science vs. Arts and Law will take place. The pro-

pective players can be seen practising any time on the campus when it is not snowing too heavily.

Sunday, a special sermon will be delivered by Rev. George Adam in the Emmanuel Church at 7 p.m. All students will no doubt profit much by this.

On Monday, the 19th, the Senior Dance will be held to which all the ex-members of '19 who have served overseas are invited.

Tuesday, 20th of May, is the date set aside for the Tennis Tournament.

On Wednesday, the Valedictories will be read in Convocation Hall at the R.V.C. at 8 p.m., and all members of the Faculty are invited to be present.

Thursday, May 22, is the most momentous day of all for '19. In the afternoon degrees will be conferred on the fortunate ones.

The most important social function will no doubt be the dance on Monday, the 19th, at 8 o'clock, at the R. V. C. Those eligible to come are members of the graduating year and former members of '19 who have served overseas. Outsiders may be taken to the dance if asked by a senior. Tickets may be procured for \$3.00 from Miss Lindsay, J. Ritchie (Arts), or M. Mouquin (Sci.), at the Union. The number of tickets is limited to 75 and any remaining unsold a few days before the dance will be offered to alumni. For the convenience of those going to the dance the programme is here included:—

1. One-Step
2. Fox Trot
3. One-Step
4. Waltz
5. Fox Trot
6. One-Step
7. Waltz
8. Fox Trot
9. One-Step
10. Fox Trot

Supper.

- Extras:—
1. One-Step
 2. Waltz
 3. Fox Trot
 11. One-Step
 12. Waltz
 13. Fox Trot
 14. One-Step
 15. Waltz

Notable Tribute Paid Sir William by Colleague: A Splendid Career

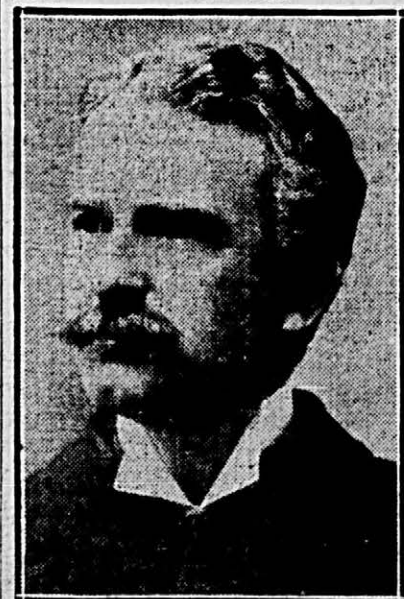
Prof. John Macnaughton Writes Eloquently of Important Part Played in Development of McGill By Former Principal—Became Conspicuous Early in Life—Helped to Spread Name of Our College Abroad—Is An Ardent Imperialist.

The following appreciation of the character and work of Sir William Peterson is from the pen of John Macnaughton, M.A., LL.D., Hiram Mills Professor of Classics in the Faculty of Arts. The Daily is the only Montreal paper to print this article in full.

The man who made McGill a University was undoubtedly Sir William Dawson. If it may be said of his successor that he found it brick and left it marble, it may with equal truth be said of Sir William Dawson that he found it a mud-hut and left it a solid structure of brick. When he came here to take charge, it amounted to very little more than a Medical School which was manned and administered, with very marked ability and success even then, it is true, by a small number of Montreal physicians and surgeons, the staff consisting of ten professors and one demonstrator. From this comparatively vigorous nucleus grew two inconsiderable appendices, a Faculty of Law with two professors and two lecturers, and a Faculty of Arts with four professors and a lecturer, all of whom gave only a part of

their time to their "Academic" duties, and derived as emoluments from these only a small fraction of their means of support. The show which the College made to the eye, in October, 1855, when its newly-appointed Principal first gazed with a sinking heart upon it, corresponded only too faithfully

PAYS TRIBUTE TO RETIRING PRINCIPAL



John MacNaughton, M.A., LL.D.

fully with these humble realities. The grounds and shrubs were grazed by cattle, who spared nothing but one tall elm and a few oaks and butter-nut trees. A villainously kept cart-track was the only means of access to the town. The only buildings were two unfinished and partly ruinous blocks standing in a wilderness of mason's rubbish and overgrown with weeds and bushes. The Principal did much with his own hands to shape things more decently. When he resigned his office in June, 1893, the external appearance of what is now the lower campus and its buildings, was very much like what it is to-day. Only the Physics Building, the Royal Victoria College and the beautiful perpendicular Gothic of the present Medical Hall were wanting. The growth in even more important respects, namely, in the number and quality of the teaching staff, had fairly kept pace with this astonishing transformation to the eye. Certainly no other single man in Canada engaged in that line of service except, perhaps, Principal Grant, of Queen's College, could point to such a

(Continued on Page 2.)

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Notable Tribute Paid Sir William by Colleague

(Continued From Page 1.)

visible precipitation of his spirit and life-work.

It was then naturally with a good deal of anxiety that the friends of McGill cast about for a worthy successor to a man who had done such great things. There was some danger that the pull of local nepotisms might have too much weight in determining the choice. Happily, the personage with whom it practically rested, the Chancellor of the University, who was also one of its greatest benefactors, Sir Donald A. Smith, as he was then called, was one of rare sagacity and wide outlook, who had seldom made a mistake in his judgment of men and had often found himself in situations where such a mistake would have cost him dearly. After carefully looking all around with characteristic deliberation and secretiveness, he at last found his man, and that, too, where it was natural that one of his antecedents should be pleased to find him, in Scotland. No one seemed to him so likely to meet all the varied requirements of the important position as Professor William Peterson, LL.D., the Principal of University College, Dundee.

Dr. Peterson's career had been an extraordinary one all through. Born in Edinburgh and a pupil of the famous High School there, he entered the still more famous University of Edinburgh in 1872, heading the list of honours in classics after his regulation four years' course, when he was only eighteen years of age. Having been awarded, among other prizes, the Edinburgh Greek Travelling Scholarship, he studied next chiefly under the erudite Sauppe at Göttingen, in Germany. Returning to Scotland after this exceedingly valuable experience at our destined enemy, he was elected to the Mackenzie Scholarship at Edinburgh for eminence in Classical and English Literature, and shortly afterwards gained an open scholarship in Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In 1876 he won the Ferguson Scholarship in Classics, the blue ribbon of the Scottish Universities, open to competitors from all of them. His career at Oxford was no less distinguished. It was his intention upon graduating there to take up the study of law. He did actually make a beginning in that career, in which he certainly would have risen to eminence, entering the Inner Temple, but his destiny had marked him out for more troublous though not less honourable laurels. His old teacher of Latin, the famous Professor Sellar, of Edinburgh, called for his help in handling the very large classes in that subject in his old Alma Mater, where he discharged with great distinction and acceptance the arduous duties of assistant to the Professor of Humanity for two and a half years. In 1882 he was unanimously appointed to the Principalship of the newly-founded University College in Dundee, with the chair of Classics and Ancient History attached to it. The position was a very trying one for a man of twenty-five years of age, the youngest Principal on record in all the Queen's Dominions. The new Dundee College, with its boyish Principal, was very close under the shadow of the University of St. Andrew's, the oldest in Scotland, and the relations between it and that ancient seat of learning were a constant source of friction and embittered conflicts. Principal Peterson steered his College through these troubled waters with the hand of a master, at once firm and light. He gave proof of the highest qualities in administration and counsel, courage, tact, resource, readiness in debate, perfect control of temper under the utmost provocations. This young scholar showed an astonishing aptitude and appetite for affairs. Business was a delight to him. He thrived in the storms of conflict, and was never so happy or so much in possession of all his fine powers as in the thick of a fight. And yet he never ceased to be a scholar or failed to turn with the keenest zest to his old Greek and Latin books, or the studies in English letters and poetry that were scarcely less fascinating to him, whenever he could find a spare quarter of an hour to devote to them. It was in Dundee he learnt that priceless art never lost by him, in which he attained to a mastery that has been equalled only by a very few persons such as Mr. Gladstone, of utilizing odds and ends of time, of turning to good account those same spare quarters of an hour. These infinitesimals worked up to a goodly sum-total. Besides numerous contributions to the "Classical Review" he had, before leaving Scotland, published his still authoritative editions of the Tenth Book of Quintilian's Institutes and of Tacitus' Dialogue on Oratory and had nearly finished his edition of Cicero's great forensic speech the "Pro Cluentio," which he had already rendered into English in a really masterly translation. In this fine and difficult art of translation he has few equals among English scholars. Only a few years ago he gave another beautiful proof of his powers in this kind, the perfect transmutation into such English as will at once find its way to the

"business and bosom" of any Montreal lawyer, of that same Dialogue of Tacitus on Oratory which he had edited before and now brought out again with this enrichment as one of the volumes in the well-known Loeb Classics. It was in the midst of his multifarious duties here, too, that he found time to make his sensational discovery of the Cluny Manuscript. This discovery supplied him with the necessary basis for what is no doubt the crown of his contributions to Classical Scholarship, his editions in the authoritative Oxford Texts of the Verrine and "Post Redimtum" Orations of Cicero.

Principal Peterson's thirteen years in Dundee were an ideal apprenticeship for his larger work in Canada. His problem there was of essentially the same nature as the task that lay before him in Montreal. Dundee, like Montreal, was a busy modern town full of manufacturers and money-makers whose need was great for just such a haven of literature as a scholar like him could be counted on to be active in propagating. At the same time he was the head of a thoroughly modern College founded in great measure for the express purpose of applying exact science to industry and furnishing the men equipped with scientific knowledge and methods indispensable as the brains of modern industry. It was a good though bold idea to choose a first-rate Latin scholar for such a post. His admittedly perfect success in it was the proof. And that success was also the best of omens for a like result of his activity in Montreal where the conditions were much the same, however much larger the scale.

No wonder Sir Donald Smith felt sure he had found his man. A brilliant figure of still youthful manhood, long accustomed to move with ease amid all that was most distinguished in a world of old established culture, an appearance that could not fail to draw the eye in any public assembly, a ripe scholar and finished orator, a man of proved sense and capacity for affairs who had already passed the severest tests in very similar problems to those which faced him in his new sphere, and last, but not least, a grandson of the manse and an elder in the Church of Scotland—it would have been hard to find for the vacant dignity such a combination of both solid and shining qualities. The only question was whether he might not prove too fine an instrument for his task. Fortunately, he was as tough as he was fine. Annoyances, misunderstandings and difficulties enough and to spare awaited him. But never for an instant did such things stop the steady advance of a massive and splendid work or the gradual emergence before all eyes of a personality which came to be more and more universally recognized to be what it really was—no less sound and sympathetic in heart than clear of head and resolute of will.

Sir William Dawson, in his farewell speech, gave a very remarkable brief sketch of the work that lay before his successor, and of the qualifications that would be necessary to its accomplishment. "The operations of McGill," he said, "are now so extensive and complicated that the dangers of disintegration and isolation have been greater than any others, and the Principal must always be the central bond of union of the University, because he alone can know it in all its parts and weigh the claims, needs, dangers, difficulties and opportunities of each of its constituent faculties and departments. Much of this must without doubt depend on his personal qualities and I trust those who are to succeed me in this office may be men not only of learning, ability and administrative capacity, but of unselfish disinterestedness, of large sympathies and wide views, of kindly, generous and forgiving disposition, and of that earnest piety which can alone make them safe advisers of young men and women entering on the warfare of life."

A formidable list of requirements, and yet a forecast which might pass for a descriptive narrative! McGill is much more of a unity now than it was in those days, in spite, as we shall see, of considerable extensions. Two of its Faculties, Law and Medicine, were at that time somewhat loosely attached to the rest of the academic body. The "dangers of disintegration and isolation" were in their case quite serious. There is no such danger now. They are firmly engrafted in their proper place as members of the one indivisible structure of the whole University. It required a very vigorous and persistent effort to attain to that result. In order to reduce the various "faculties and departments" to such a unity, to embrace them all in their right perspective and proportions in a single view, to bring them into such helpful relations with each other as the exigencies of the modern higher education demand, and "weigh the claims, needs, dangers and opportunities of each" there was need of a very unusual energy and a singularly comprehensive and well-ordered constructive head. It is very remarkable how thoroughly in this respect (rightly considered by Sir William Dawson to be all import-

ant) Sir William Peterson has come up to the height of his predecessor's specifications. He has kept things together that were very centrifugally inclined. He has, indeed, been "the central bond of union" amid the very diverse activities of the University, and has left it behind him in such a shape as will make it much easier for his successor than it was for him to fulfil that supreme function of the Principalship of McGill.

And yet, under his impulsions and auspices the "operations of McGill" have now become much more complicated and extensive than ever. The consolidation which has been effected has certainly not been purchased by any timidity as regards expansion. For instance, the Conservatory of Music has been added, equipped, endowed and thoroughly well manned, and made the most important centre in this city of one of its most important spiritual interests, with a wide range of influence outside of it. The wisdom which grudges the seed-corn indispensable to raising a crop protested quite naturally, and, of course, for some years not without show of reason, for the new venture could not but swell deficits for a time. But the wider vision has justified itself and one hears no criticism now of the latest-born Faculty of the University with Sir William Peterson for sponsor, which is already perhaps its most attractive link with the great mass of the citizens of Montreal, and which can scarcely fail, as soon as a decent hall is provided for its admirable exhibitions, to become, so far as they are concerned, the tongue of the whole trump. In this case the sower had not long to wait for his harvest. And the man who comes after him is likely to see it increased a hundredfold.

Another great addition to the range of McGill and the burdens of its Principal, the Agricultural College at St. Anne's, along with its attached Normal School for the training of elementary teachers in the Protestant schools of the Province, built and endowed on the most princely scale, as is well known, by the munificence of Sir William Macdonald—one of the three Sir Williams whose names are inseparably associated with that of James McGill. There was at one time a very serious danger that this College might go its own way as a place quite independent of the University, and even in more or less hostile rivalry to it. That would certainly have been a calamity to both sides. Few will ever know how hard a fight Sir William Peterson had to make or how much it took out of him to avert it. Though not so sharp and bitter, that was a much more protracted struggle than was necessary, as some will remember, to block the monstrous proposal that the Ritz-Carlton Hotel should occupy the site, so obviously indispensable to the University, on which we may hope the new Memorial and Convocation Hall will soon be standing. Thanks to Sir William Peterson and to Sir William Macdonald, in both of these vital matters, as well as in the acquisition of the large Law and Molson property already partly put into shape, which extends the territory of McGill all the way from Sherbrooke Street to Fletcher's Field and the Mountain, the future is secured and the ground cleared for indefinite expansions and improvements. The gathering in of St. Anne's College to the fold in particular was among the most significant of all the extensions and achievements that have marked the Principalship of Sir William Peterson. With that the Agricultural Science and what is not less important the elementary as well as the higher Protestant education of this Province are henceforth bound up with the University and fixed in an interchange of reciprocally fruitful influences with its life. There is much more in that than merely the obvious economies of centralized administration.

And for McGill there is this—that it has thereby manifestly become the brains as it were of the Province of Quebec—that there is no considerable single activity in our country involving the application of scientific knowledge, not even the details of domestic management, which is omitted from the programme of one or other of its various schools. With the incorporation of Macdonald College, the addition of Schools of Dentistry and Commerce and the Officers' Training Corps, McGill has been rounded out in outline at least to the full height and breadth of the modern University ideal. Surely it is a priceless boon to Montreal, of which its citizens are not always so conscious as they ought to be, that the boys and girls of that city have at their doors the best and completest facilities for training in any profession they may choose to take up. Our city, which is no mean one in any respect, has for its crown and glory an institution which, at little cost to it so far, is a compendium, as it were, and "image of the mighty world," and a spring-board to any imaginable career. That the people of Montreal are not unaware of this was magnificently and uniquely shown by them a few years ago when being asked to raise one million dollars in five days to meet the pressing needs of the University they did, in fact, within that time raise more than a million and a half. That unprecedented exhibition of generosity and intelligent public spirit may be confidently regarded (especial-

ly considering the vast recent widening of our horizon and the total transformation of our ideas on expenditure for great national purposes) as a mere earnest and insignificant instalment to account of what they are now prepared to invest in maintaining and increasing the effectiveness of a public property of their own which is not their least productive asset and which deserves to be their chief pride.

It is difficult to realize adequately how much Principal Peterson has done to make it so. The work he has done for us is a great and abiding one. He has worn himself out prematurely in the doing of it. He has also shed lustre upon us to a degree that is not enough realized. His steady solid grind of direction and administration at home was always brilliantly supplemented by the quite incomparable way in which he represented us abroad and kept our flag flying. It was said of Earl Grey that he was our best "publicity agent." The Principal has been a close second to him in that respect. It is not too much to say that during his tenure of office no University on this Continent was kept so prominently before the minds and eyes of Englishmen, and no Canadian University so much in evidence in the United States as McGill. He was an uncompromising Imperialist. No one took the war more to heart than he did, or in his own way gave more or worked harder for it; no one in Canada perhaps, as one can see in those collected addresses of his, which received the highest commendation from such authoritative English journals as the Morning Post and the Times, did more to forewarn us of it or pleaded more earnestly and persuasively for some reasonable measures on our part of preparation for it. The really noble showing made by McGill in the great crisis owed much to him. And yet, thorough-going Britisher as he was, no one was more persona grata at the academic gatherings of all sorts at which he was constantly being called upon to assist in the United States. There, as in England, his vital scholarship, graceful and melodious speech, his distinction and suavity of manner and fine person never failed to make him a central figure in any assemblage, just as his solid sense, his quickness in debate and capacity for affairs were sure to bring him to the front in any business meeting. He was not only a living link of Empire but a powerful agent in fostering cordial relations between the English-speaking peoples. The Americans gave him the very highest honour they could bestow upon him, electing and re-electing him from among all the Principals and Presidents of the Continent Chairman of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. It is well known, too, that the gift of one million dollars, handed over by Elihu Root in the most flattering terms in recognition of Canada's services in the war, was Sir William Peterson's peculiar booty won by his bow and spear. That McGill was singled out for such a substantial honour was certainly due to her Principal.

Such in very scanty outline have been the activities in which Principal Peterson has spent himself in our service of those personal qualities on first of those personal qualities on which, as we saw, Sir William Dawson insisted as the only possible source from which could spring true success in the difficult duties of his office. The "learning, ability and administrative capacity" have been manifest and undeniable. So were the "large sympathies and wide views" to an extent which might perhaps have taken their postulator somewhat aback. The "unselfish disinterestedness, kindly, generous and forgiving disposition" could from the nature of the case be fully visible only to the few that could see very near, but these few knew they were there in plenitude and force. As for the "earnest piety" rightly placed as the supreme and fundamental desideratum, that, too, was there. Some over whose heads the waves of trouble had gone had reason to know that, by the very present help he was to them—a help which only that deep fountain could supply. But the piety was there in a form which had taken its colour from the new age in which we live, a very different spiritual atmosphere indeed from that in which Sir William Dawson had lived and moved unquestioningly from childhood to the day of his death. To William Peterson a thoroughly religious nature full of all kinds of natural piety and affection, religion meant not dogma—to that like most modern men of high intellectual training, he sat very loose indeed—but above all two things—on the one hand an austere sense of duty, an unflinching recognition of all claims, sometimes not very cogent claims, upon all his energies and resources, a high and exacting conception of citizenship, an unremitting devotion to his work combined with a certain smiling stoicism in accepting all the rubs of it, and a keen sense of sacred responsibility for the use of his time and talents; and on the other hand, a deep and sensitive responsiveness to those outgoings of the human heart in imaginative emotion and heavenward aspiration which find their most adequate expression in the higher forms of poetry and music. Work and music, in short, are his religion, and few men have better illustrated that high doctrine by their lives.

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we hope, for many years yet, a well-earned rest which, so long as he breathes, we may be sure, will not be a rest of idleness. Some of us think "we shall not look upon his like again." It is a comfort at least to think that his successor is not likely to prove an anticlimax. He and the work he has left behind him, much of it like all human work unfinished, have deserved to be followed and completed by a man who has proved both courage and capacity as a Minister of the Crown.

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Nine Medical Undergraduates
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During Course of War.

On Monday, April 21st, an impressive ceremony was performed in the New Medical Building, when a bronze tablet was unveiled in honour of the undergraduates in Medicine, nine in number, who had laid down their lives in the war. The formal presentation of the tablet to the University was made by Ashley Wheaton, President of the Medical Undergraduate Society.

At the same time an opportunity was given to note the Honour Roll of the faculty which has just been set up and comprises over 150 names. The list of decorations obtained is also noteworthy. It is:—

Military Cross	7
Military Medal	4
D. & O.	1
D. F. C.	1
Croix de Guerre	1

While the tablet was unveiled, the acting dean of the Faculty, Dr. Geo. E. Armstrong, delivered an address.

"The Empire," he said, "may well be proud of its student bodies, and of none more than the undergraduates of the universities of Canada."

"The young men from our Canadian institutions of learning went overseas in large numbers. They served in varied departments of the military service, and in none was there shown greater self-sacrifice than in the medical. When one looks back over the medical history of wars, one is impressed with the record, in all ages, that our profession has contributed of its best in times of danger. One is almost overwhelmed at the tremendous progress made, both in preventive and curative medicine. In the older wars, the numbers lost from disease were many times greater than those killed by the enemy. In South Africa and the Russo-Japanese war the figure approximated 50-50."

We can hardly restrain a feeling of pride at the accomplishments of the Canadian Army Medical Corps during the present war. Our loss from bullets was 94.16 per cent., and from disease only 5.14 per cent. This proud achievement is the result of the pre-war research work carried on in laboratories and hospital wards.

"The young men who took up the challenge and went overseas to fight the enemy have raised our Dominion in the appreciation of the nations of two continents. They have demonstrated Canadian manhood. They have demonstrated to the world that the transplant to the northern part of this continent has not lost any of its virility and effective energy of character."

Dr. Armstrong then read the list of the fallen, which was as follows:—

A. E. Beckwith, of Victoria, B.C., member of class 1920, enlisted with second draft McGill Siege Artillery in April, 1917, went overseas in July. In September he broke his ankle, which left him lame, and in consequence he transferred to the navy as surgeon-probationer on H. M. S. Oriole. In the early fall of 1918 he contracted pneumonia, from which he died after an illness of ten days. He was buried at Haslar Naval Cemetery, England,

with full naval honors.

J. K. Bertram, of Dundas, Ont., member of the 1916 class, enlisted in the autumn of 1914 in the 20th Battalion. Served with his regiment in France as captain, was later appointed brigade major with the First Canadian Brigade, and while acting in that capacity was killed by a stray shell in the battle of Courcette, September, 1916.

J. S. Brown, of Quebec, P.Q., member of the 1917 class, enlisted in August, 1914, as staff sergeant in No. 1 Field Ambulance, served with that unit in England and in France, and later transferred to the Royal Garrison Artillery as lieutenant, and was killed at Vimy Ridge, 1917.

M. S. DeRoche, of Cornwall, Ont., member of the 1918 class, enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps, sent to France in the summer of 1917, attached to the 25th Squadron, R.F.C., on the Bethune front. He was killed in an aerial combat over the enemy lines in mid-summer of 1917.

K. E. Dimick, of Boston, Mass., member of the 1919 class, enlisted in the 309th (New York) Infantry, went overseas in May of 1918, was wounded in action in September, 1918, and died of wounds on September 19th, 1918.

C. S. McKenzie, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., member of the 1915 class, enlisted in the 6th Field Ambulance in 1914 and was made a sergeant. He served in France with that unit for a considerable time, transferred to the Canadian artillery, obtained his commission, and in September of 1916 was attached to the second Howitzer Brigade. He was killed in the spring of 1917, shortly after the battle of Vimy Ridge.

C. B. Tinning, of Montreal, member of the 1917 class, enlisted with No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill) in 1915. Later he transferred to the 42nd Battalion, was wounded at Vimy Ridge on the morning of April 9th, 1917, while leading Company C in an attack on the ridge, and died of wounds on April 14th, at Barlin, France.

G. S. Tucker, of Bermuda, W.I., member of the 1918 class, enlisted in 1914 with the 3rd Canadian Battalion, later transferred to the 23rd Battalion, was made a sergeant, and was killed in action on July 16th, 1916, at Ypres.

N. C. Ward, of Kentville, N.S., member of the 1919 class, enlisted in the Royal Navy as surgeon-probationer in May, 1918, served in the Mediterranean, and was killed when his ship was torpedoed on September 12th, 1918.

Chas. E. Moyse, LL.D., Vice-President of the University, presided at the ceremony.

These young men had felt the call, said he, to go and lay down their lives if necessary. It may have been that the reason which had taken them there was because of ideals that they had gathered at the University, for ideals are found in gatherings and brotherhoods of a university. It might have been that they felt that they belonged to an Empire the like of which the world has not known in many ways, they might have felt the Imperial throb, or it may have been that they felt that the honor of Canada was at stake, or it may have been all these reasons, but it was their work, and the work of others like them that had raised Canada to its place among the nations.

It was inexpressibly sad when young men, young medical students, were cut off from all hope of achievement or accomplishment in the profession they had chosen, said Lieut.-Col. Patch, A.D.M.S., who came to pay tribute on behalf of the medical services of the army of the district, and yet, he added, how heroic it was, because if they had lived a long life they could not have accomplished what they accomplished in so dying. These young men had died with a high purpose and

EDWARD S. MILLS.



CAMPUS LEADERS

"Eddie," as he is known to his classmates, hails from Ormstown, and was born in 1897. From Montreal High School he entered McGill, with Arts '19 to take a double course in Arts and Medicine, which he is now pursuing. His activities are:—Class Football, News Editor, McGill Daily, 1917-18, 1918-19, President, 1919-20; Class Prophet of Arts '19. He is the first direct representative of the Daily to take a seat on the Students' Council.

As a bringer of sunshine wherever he goes, Eddie is a pronounced success, and his cheery presence adds to the enjoyment of all at social functions. He openly states that he has positively no character to lose (when asked by a Daily representative if he wished this last sentence printed, he said, "Absolutely.") Nevertheless, he has from time immemorial sported a bow-tie and a cane.

He is a joint author of the bright little sketch, "We hate to do it, but—" which, it will be remembered, had such success when produced not long ago. By a vote of 2-0, Eddie has been elected to the C.L., the most exclusive society at McGill.

CHANGES IN RUGBY RULES.

At a meeting of the Intercollegiate Rugby executive committee, held at the Frontenac Hotel, for the purpose of drawing up amendments to the regulations governing intercollegiate football games, those present were Dr. W. B. Wright and H. C. Griffiths, of Toronto University; Messrs. McAuley and Roberts, of the Royal Military College; E. O. Sitter and Prof. Manley B. Baker, of Queen's University. Amendments were adopted with unanimous support as follows:

(1)—The elimination of offside interference within the line.
(2)—The option of a kick-off and scrum.
(3)—In the scrum, players will no longer be obliged to look arms in forming a line, but will be required to be in touch with each other. This will give the players more freedom.

E. O. Sitter was elected president and Dr. Wright, of Toronto, was elected secretary.

for an ideal. The tablet would, always serve to remind those who entered the building of the better purposes of life and, he said, turning to the student body, if at any time they allowed themselves to forget the ideals of their profession the memory of those who had died should be sufficient to actuate them towards the proper way.

Major the Rev. Canon Shatford, recently returned from overseas, pronounced the dedicatory prayer. Lieut.-Colonels Meakins, Russell, Turner and Hill, all of the military medical staff, were present.

R.V.C. NOTES

Miss Elsie Macpherson spent a few days in the Royal Victoria College last week, while doing some research work in the city. Miss Macpherson was awarded a scholarship by the Canadian Industrial Reconstruction Association. A similar scholarship was awarded to Miss Enid Price, who is examining the change in women's work in Montreal, occasioned by the war; and one was awarded this spring to Miss L. MacDonald, '19. Miss Macpherson is examining the question of positions for women graduates.

Voting for officers for the Undergraduate Societies took place on Wednesday, April 9th. The results are as follows:—

R. V. C. Athletic Society.

President—Q. Savage.
Vice-President—E. Ross.
Sec.-Treasurer—M. Fry.
Hockey Manager—H. Davidson.
Basketball Manager—G. Moody.
Tennis Manager—M. MacDougall.
Fancy Skating Manager—I. Imrie.
Sports Manager—H. Nichol.
Reporter—T. Rough.

Delta Sigma Society.

President—M. D. Mawdsley.
Vice-President—E. Holland.
Sec.-Treasurer—R. Shatford.
Fourth Year Rep.—G. Ewing.
Third Year Rep.—K. Godwin.
Second Year Rep.—I. McPartlin.
Reporter—D. Sharples.

Y. W. C. A.

President—H. Nichol.
Vice-President—J. Robson.
Sec.-Treasurer—I. Miller.
Reporter—D. Dart.

Société Française.

President—E. Wall.
Vice-President—D. Mathewson.
Sec.-Treasurer—D. Sharples.
Fourth Year Rep.—I. Scott.
Third Year Rep.—A. Sharples.
Second Year Rep.—L. Weibell.
Reporter—L. Weibell.

VEGETABLE VARIATIONS

(With apologies to Orchard Groans.)
Nine p.m., Strathcona Hall,
Hymnal hour, I ween.
"When the mists have rolled," they call
Loud rings out every
Potato, turnip, bean.

Down the campus go the co-eds,
Heads from windows jut,
Men aren't curious—so they say—
This must be a
Spinach, asparagus, nut.

Abuse of our far-famed college
Seems to you a treat,
For cruel knocks at harmless co-eds,
Men are hard to
Cabbage, cauliflower, beet.

So you see we have a reason
For parodying this bosh
And we feel you really may

JOHN L. O'BRIEN.



CAMPUS LEADERS

The light was first greeted with cries of "Erin go Bragh!" on Dec. 13, 1898, and thereafter things happened quickly, as the novelists say. McGill received "Jawn" with the class of Arts '19, but he showed a preference for '20, with which class he is completing his course. No student in the faculty of Arts has been more prominent in undergraduate affairs. Besides being president of his class, O'Brien was elected Arts representative to the Council and later President of the Track Club, of which he had previously been secretary.

In connection with the Daily, "Jawn" has been a hard worker, holding the office of Associate Editor last year and News Editor in 1918-19. As Editor-in-Chief of the 1920 Annual he has made a decided success of the enterprise and has shown himself a successful man of business.

For keen appreciation of the humour of the situation, the subject of our biography is supreme among mortals—best of all, he sees a joke against himself.

He was a joint author of the sketch, "We hate to do it, but—" and has recently been elected by a vote of 2-0 to the C.L., the most exclusive society at McGill.

His great aversions are nine o'clock lectures and attendance rolls.

ARTS GRAD. NAMED.

The Columbia University of New York has recently awarded its endowed scholarships, and among those named is Alexander Gordon Dewey, Arts 1911, and M.A. 1913, who was a graduate student of Columbia University in 1916-17. Dewey is named as an alternate selection for one of the two Glider Fellowships.

Consider this a

Parsnip, artichoke, squash.
(Ed. Query.—Does the title "Variations" refer to the fact that the above was contributed in two distinct hand-writings?)



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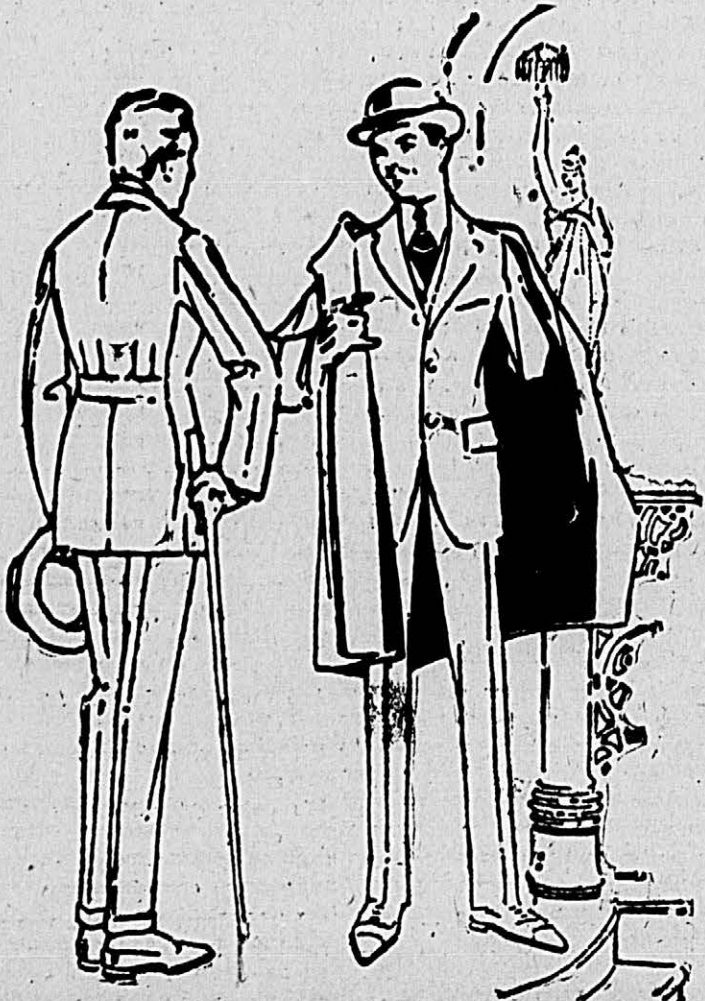
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GRADUATION.

Graduation, we imagine, is the supreme event in the career of the college man. It is not that the actual ceremony can have any effect upon his future mode of life or his character, but it serves as the stamp that should mark the finished product and provides the student with a certificate to show, not so much that he has attained a certain level of erudition (though this thought, too, must be in the mind of the recipient) as that he has passed through a definite experience which ought to have moulded his life along lines that are by no means rigid, but are yet unyielding at certain points.

If an undergraduate looks forward to the day when he will receive his degree as a convict does to the date of his release from prison (and we have experienced an attitude akin to this) then manifestly the man or the system must be at fault, and the chances are overwhelmingly in favour of its being the former. Far too many men go to college simply because they are compelled to do so by pressure from without. The proper sphere of their activities is not the Campus and all it stands for and consequently they rejoice to escape from it. These are not the men McGill wants within her walls.

Again, a degree should not be regarded as a slip of paper to certify that the bearer has managed by successful "plugging" to pass certain examinations arbitrarily set as a pitfall to the unwary. Those who see only that in the "capping" of the graduates see but a tiny fraction of the whole.

After all the ceremony of Convocation is a species of initiation—the successful student simply rises another rung in the great society of which, if he be a true man, he is forever part. Forever, mark the word. Anyone to whose mind graduation marks the end of his connection with McGill is at heart no son of hers. The thing is that with the obtaining of a degree comes the chance to go forth and return some of the debt we owe our Alma Mater by helping to bring honour to her name. During our undergraduate days we are engaged in learning—not merely training of the brain, but training of the eye and heart—and on graduation we enter the sphere of application of the principles we have imbibed.

OUR MCGILL BATTERIES.

The news that the 7th and 10th Canadian Siege Batteries, composed almost entirely of McGill men and their friends, are returning as units and may be expected here some time next week will be welcome indeed to our readers. Both these bodies of men won honour for themselves and the college from which they came, and both are spoken of by those in high places as being among the most efficient in the service.

It will be a long time before the achievements of the original Siege Battery which left the Campus in 1916 are forgotten, and officers and men alike have proved themselves to be thoroughly worthy to bear the name of McGill into action. In particular we wish to call to the memory of the students and faculty of the college the fact that the men who guided the destinies of this splendid body of men during the terrific fighting of the last two and a half years were members of the professoriate of our Alma Mater—we refer to Major W. D. Tait and Captain Cyrus Macmillan. These men have shown that they possess rare qualities of leadership as well as the teaching ability they demonstrated here in peace-time, and are to be acclaimed by all true lovers of McGill as representing the type of "student in arms" which it is her pride to have produced in such numbers.

We hope that when the batteries march along the streets of Montreal those streets will be lined with classmates who know how to give a rousing cheer. The men of the 7th and 10th deserve it—every bit.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

The following being a tale of misery, wretchedness and disappointment endured by a martyr of the oppressed sex in an age when feminine ascendancy has attained an alarming height.

H-E-N-R-Y H-E-N-P-E-C-K! Mr. Henpeck sighed deeply as the clarion call of his better half reverberated through the house and died away in an ominous echo. Then slipping his feet dutifully into a pair of blue slippers he shuffled to obey the insistent summons.

His appearance at the head of the stairs was heralded by the worthy spouse with a burst of forcible and overwhelming eloquence which quite reduced the unfortunate Mr. Henpeck to a sad state of mental perturbation. "Why do you stand there the personification of stupidity? Can you not perceive that you are detaining me? Come down here!" An attempt at protest on the part of the doleful victim was completely stifled by a fresh outburst from the worthy Mrs. Henpeck, who with a parting flourish of her plumes and a final injunction to "stay at home and keep house," slammed the door behind her and left her husband speechlessly watching her retreating figure until it was at last hidden from view in the passing throng.

For the space of several minutes Mr. Henpeck remained motionless and then turning to seek the solitude of the library he uttered a weary sigh which deepened into a groan as his passing reflection in the hall mirror revealed a shining expanse of bald head where once the unruffled locks of bachelorhood had lain in inviolate security.

Once ensconced in his easy chair, legs outstretched towards the glowing hearth, the "head of the house" soon regained his characteristic felicity and resigned himself to undisturbed meditation. Gradually, however, the irresistible effect of a cozy fire, solitude and an easy chair combined to vanquish the placid Mr. Henpeck and presently gentle snores betokened the fact that Morpheus had triumphed.

Certainly the slumberer presented a pathetic appearance as he lay there the flickering flames playing fantastically upon his pallid, worn countenance. And yet a half smile of sweet contentment twisted the lips and gave to the face an appearance of youthfulness which was in strange contrast to the deep lines of worry and sadness.

The fact of the matter was, the innocent Mr. Henpeck, released from the terrors and scourings of domestic life, was amid new scenes and novel surroundings. He saw himself raised upon a lofty throne of a mighty Oriental empire. Upon his head rested a golden crown of prodigious beauty and value. About him crowded his councillors and courtiers. The magnificent court exemplified all the pomp and glory of the Orient and over it all reigned the illustrious and omnipotent caliph Henroun Henpeckad.

It was about the ninth hour. The court would presently open its doors to the usual throng of petitioners who waited each morning to beseech some favour at the feet of the puissant caliph. Around and about the throne of the potentate were gathered his councillors, viziers and trusted Mussulmen, while in the lower court rank upon rank was drawn up the exquisitely uniformed imperial guard.

Suddenly there was a stir in the vestibule and the portal swung back to admit the morning sunshine and a motley crowd of Orientals. The soldiers at a given signal conducted the first petitioner to the foot of the dais and so began the daily routine.

The morning wore slowly on and at last but few remained in the court. Presently, the Grand Vizier approached the seat of justice and bowing low before the caliph informed him that the gracious Queen Clarissima awaited the favour of an audience. With a gesture of impatience the ruler ordered that she be permitted to enter. Almost immediately a rustling of garments announced the approach of the beautiful Clarissima, who threw herself at the feet of the potentate, her husband. After a moment's silence she began: "O most puissant and most noble Caliph that which your worshipful slave beseecheth is but a trifle and yet she asks it believing that if granted it will enable her to better honour and reflect glory upon your illustrious majesty. In order that your humble Clarissima may appear pleasing in thy sight as well as in the eyes of all the world she requests permission to purchase of the merchant Morgan the most glorious and perfectly stunning gown that ever graced the court of Caliph." But thereupon the Emperor waxed wroth. "Woman," he chided, "begone. Dost thou not know that the butcher must be paid his just due, the baker his lawful claim and the cobbler that which he has earned by the sweat of his brow? Begone." And with that he stamped his foot with rage. The queen bowed low and left the court.

The Caliph then to satisfy his whim and restore his equanimity ordered the court cleared and that his seven hundred wives with their seven hundred psalteries, timbrels and all instruments of music be summoned to afford

entertainment in his presence. Forthwith the court was cleared and immediately a huge portal rolled back and his seven hundred wives cast themselves down upon their faces at the feet of the caliph. And so they bowed in all humility until at a sign from the throne they arose and with one accord sang to the accompaniment of the seven hundred psalteries, timbrels and all instruments of music. But soon his imperial majesty grew weary. A sudden discord and then the caliph in a passion struck his sceptre once, twice and thrice upon the marble floor until it rang again and again. The music ceased and the seven hundred wives of the ruler cast themselves once more upon their faces and awaited in all humility the rebuke of the caliph. Whereupon the flusterous potentate waxed wroth and berated his beloved wives and as his anger kindled so in like manner did his eloquence increase until with one final outburst of expressive rhetoric, he barked his sceptre upon the dais and exclaimed in a loud voice, "they shall be scourged. Away with them. . . ."

A crash A bright star A whole constellation A loud grating noise as of the gnashing of giant teeth. What could that choking sensation be? And then the poor Mr. Henpeck, stripped of all his Oriental finery, his self-assertiveness and the power by virtue of which his seven hundred mythical wives had been rendered as dust before the wind, found himself struggling in the relentless grasp of his highly esteemed Mrs. Henpeck who, maintaining a hold upon his collar with one hand, persistently and insistently boxed his ears with the other as if to lend emphasis to her repeated cries of "You wretch, you wretch, asleep and the fire all out. Get to your room, you lazy loafer!"

A final crack on the ear sent the worthy Henry, who somehow had contrived to get to his feet, crashing towards the door through which he slipped as quickly as possible and as he ascended the stairs he meditatively stroked his abused ears and sighed deeply once, twice and thrice and so went to bed.

ABSENT MINDED.
"Dear Clara," wrote the young man, "Pardon me, but I'm getting so forgetful. I proposed to you last night, but really forget whether you said yes or no."

"Dear Will," she replied by note, "So glad to hear from you. I know I said 'no' to someone last night, but I had forgotten just who it was."

THE COST OF LIVING.
A report prepared by the National Industrial Conference Board, after a nation-wide survey, shows that the cost of food increased \$2 p.c. during the four years from July 1914 to June, 1918. In the same period clothing increased 77 p.c.

Customer:—"You have placed all the large apples on top."
Green Grocer:—"Yes, ma'am, that saves me the trouble of hunting through the barrel for 'em."

The row next door
Caused quite a stir—
She burned the steak,
He roasted her.

CAUSE AND RESULT.
Mrs. Noel—"My husband has had dyspepsia dreadfully lately."
Mrs. Noel—"I am so sorry, but I had no idea you were without a cook."

THE RECIPE FOR SUCCESS.
(By Berton Braley—in Forbes Magazine.)

It's doing your job the best you can
And being just to your fellow man;
It's making money—but holding friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming a little and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thorough, yet making speed;
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making labour a brave romance;
It's going onward despite defeat
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet;
It's being clean and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
It's looking up at the stars above,
And drinking deeply of life and love;
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
It's sharing sorrow and work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth;
It's serving, striving through strain and stress,
It's doing your Noblest—that's Success!

"OFFENDED."

I told Henrietta that I was proud to see her vote just like a man, said Mr. Meekton.

Did that please her?
No. The choice of phrase was unfortunate; she said that if she couldn't

vote better than a man there would have been no need of her troubling about the ballot in the first place.

WE CAN.
We can make our own sunshine, and make our own mirth,
We can add to our trouble by moping;
We can make a grim graveyard of this dear old earth
By giving up loving and hoping.

For it's all in the way that we look at the world—
Yes, it's all in the way that we view things;
With sorrow or laughter our lips may be curled,
For it's all in the way that we do things.

"How do you keep moths out of clothing?" asked the girl with a needle and thread.
"Why," replied the girl with a story-book, "I didn't know they were any."

LOST:
A cane belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved head.

WANTED TO PURCHASE:
A thin comb for a gentleman with tortoise-shell teeth.

WANTED:
A steady, respectable young man to look after a garden and care for a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir.

WANTED TO HIRE:
A Ford automobile with chauffeur that can carry three passengers is well lubricated and easy to crank.

WANTED:
A first class artist to assist an au-burn-haired young man in holding ladies' hands—principally at theatre parties and church socials. Only those adept in the art need apply. For further particulars enquire at 2001 Clifton Ave.

WANTED:
A position in a promising business by a young man full of energy, Wholesale Drygoods or Fruits and Provisions preferred.

WANTED:
A husband to carry out the ashes, bring in the coal—thoroughly domesticated—yet not very old. Apply: "Young Widow," care of Pastor.

WANTED:
A boy for the afternoon to open oysters seventeen years old.

DOGS FOR SALE:
Will eat anything—very fond of children.

TO LET:
"Second story front room; semi-private bath; electric light."
Which end of the tub would you prefer?

WANTED:
A violin by a young lady that does not squeak.

WANTED TO PURCHASE:
A small stove by a bachelor with an iron lid.

WANTED TO PURCHASE:
Cast-off children's shoes—all sizes, from 3-12. Must be in good order. Apply Mrs. C., Box 101, Wesley Truth.

WANTED TO BORROW:
A first class memory during the month of May. Apply: I. R., 330 "Truth" Office.

WANTED:
An escort, one steady and willing to attend at all hours. Apply 176 Harvard Ave. References required.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE:
A discontented nature for a busy life. Apply "B"—"260" Truth.

WANTED:
A first class collector to act as head of an organ fund. Must be capable, past experience unnecessary. Best of references required as to reliability. Apply: A. S., 236 "T."

WANTED:
Cakes and sandwiches for serving to the performers after the concert on Thursday evening, April 24th. Apply, Editor-in-Chief, "T." Office.

Hobbies—Come and see the Hoops on Thursday evening, April 24th, at 8.15, Wesley Church, N. D. G.

First class program. Loads of fun. Big crowd expected. Come early and avoid the rush. Tickets only 25 cents.

A SIGN.
Miss Howell—I wonder if that gentleman across the street can hear me sing?

Her Friend—He must, dear, he's just closed the window.

Former Kaiser Bill wants to go to a warm climate. For once we feel like accommodating him.

(Continued on Page 6.)

J. Gordon Greenshields
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JAZZ

The word Jazz has successfully stormed the portals of language. It trips to the tongue of folk in every condition of life. Recently, an important London journal devoted an entire article to "The Jazz Era." The author maintains that Jazz sums up the temper of the times, which likes things to be short, sharp, dramatic and noisy—times which call for pictures and verse that will leap out at the observer with something of the sudden shock of a Negro bandman striking a piece of tin. The author adds that the usual bishop is condemning Jazz painting, Jazz poetry, Jazz music, as well as Jazz thinking and reading, Jazz must be prevalent. A circular I have just received announces an entertainment by a gentleman calling himself "The Jazz King."

I came first upon the word in a play produced last autumn. It was used in a trench scene, during a spell of leisure which Tommy was beguiling with syncopated airs from a gramophone. A Doughboy, after listening for a minute, remarked, "Cut the Jazz band and give us something homey." Whereupon Tommy began a hymn. From this we may deduce that Jazz's is not homey. That is well.

But it does not follow that we must agree with the usual bishop and ostracize Jazz, which continues to make a considerable stir in the art world. Once it was known as Post-Impressionism, and among its relations are Futurism and Cubism, to name but two members of the Jazz family. Jazz is anti-masterpiece. That is much in its favour. As I have indicated before, the art world is suffering from the presumption that Mary, Polly, and Jane, as well as Tom, Dick and Harry, all who look to painting for a living and for success, are everlastingly engaged in trying to paint masterpieces. Their pictures rival one another in our public exhibitions, and the public, which is more interested in light lyrics and homey ballads, is apt to ignore these pretentious, so-called masterpieces, knowing quite well that masterpieces are few and rare, and cannot be produced to meet the demand of the sending-in-days of annual exhibitions. Moreover, the 20th century wants truth direct and unpholstered; it is weary of rhetoric and accessories. So Jazz became popular. Jazz with its quick appeal and instant uncovering.

What are anthologies but Jazz? What are the "Oxford Book of English Verse" and "The Lyric Year" but Jazz? What is the telephone but Jazz? It is merely a summary penny post. And the pictures at the Society of Independent Artists? They too are Jazz. Bishops and suchlike people, who make up their minds about a thing before they have examined it, and when they do examine it, judge the affair by the bad examples, not by the good, have nothing but contempt for the Jazz exhibitions that are held regularly in Paris, London and New York. Nobody denies that these exhibitions contain atrocious examples of painting, but it is our privilege to ignore these, and to judge the collections by the good in them, not by the bad. The wise artist knows that he can only take a short cut after he has learned the long road of mastering his technique. If he tries to take the short cut without wayfaring the long road of technical apprenticeship he is speedily found out. The recent exhibition of the Penguin Society contained pictures by Mr. Arthur B. Davies, who is employing Jazz like a gentleman and a scholar in art, and also by young men and women who are using Jazz as if they were penny-dreadful Bolsheviks. In literature we ignore the penny-dreadful, we ignore it also in painting. Yet I would not for one moment have the Penguins, "a temporary group," cease their activities. With frequent failings, with occasional apertures into something fine and stimulating, they are helping to free art from the boredom of the classical tradition and from the tyranny of the masterpiece.

A young business man of my acquaintance, with quick sympathies, and a remarkable instinct for avoiding being bored, rarely visits the regular picture exhibitions containing candidates for masterpiece fame; but he is interested in impulsive expressions of artistic talent, and acquires modest examples of such works. I was telling him about The Society of Independent Artists exhibition, in the roof garden of the Waldorf-Astoria, and remarked that Kenyon Cox would have despised it. Whereupon he said, "Let's go!" "You will find hints of Jazz in it," I remarked. "Well," he answered, "we're living in a Jazz age, and I guess it's better, before condemning a

thing, to find out if there is any good in it. I don't like Jazz dancing, but I'd sooner listen to a Jazz band than Handel. I'm a modern."

"The Independents have no jury, and no prizes," I said, "and the works are hung in alphabetical order according to the names of the artists." "Oh," he said, "then we have to do the choosing. I wonder 'if it works'?" "It works," I replied, "because if you are bored by a picture you turn away. Your boredom is but for a second. It wouldn't work in the theatre. Suppose plays were performed, night by night, in alphabetical order, according to the names of the dramatists who had paid for the privilege. You would have to sit out two or three hours of possible boredom. No, it wouldn't do in the theatre."

We had not been in the Independent exhibition for five minutes before he uttered the remark I have placed at the head of the article—"Why, this is fun!" That pleased me. That is precisely the attitude that a layman should adopt in a modern exhibition of pictures. Such as this, which is anti-masterpiece. It is also anti the false reverence which tourists assume, whether they admire it or not, when ushered into the chamber at Dresden where Raphael's "Ansidei Madonna" hangs. They do not ask themselves whether it is a good or a bad picture; they at once fall into an attitude of hushed reverence. Some kneel. The "Ansidei Madonna" happens to be a good picture, but it is the name of Raphael that fascinates the tourist, not the picture. In Italian galleries or churches nobody dares to be amused. We suffer to-day from the sacrosanct pedestal upon which art has been placed through the chance that there happened to be painters of genius in Italy, and that the church was wise enough to employ them.

The modern world is realizing that art can be an entertainment as well as an instruction, that Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" may do as much good to an audience as Bach's "Passion Music." So I was delighted when my friend remarked, "Why, this is fun!" We spent two delightful hours—laughing, protesting, arguing, wondering—and the show put him into so excellent a temper that he bought a picture. It happened thus: We had been amusing ourselves by asking the

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prices of various works. Jazz artists, like others, are not good business men, and like others, they usually grossly overestimate the worth of their wares. Really, at this exhibition it was a mere chance whether a picture we admired was priced in the catalogue at \$50 or at \$500. We paused before a delightful thing. "If that is \$50," said my hilarious friend, "I'll buy it." The delightful thing was marked \$350. We sighed. In another room we found another delightful thing. My sanguine friend repeated his remark. We examined the tag. It was marked \$50. Immediately the word sold was inscribed upon the label. "Jazz buying," I murmured, as we strolled home. The afternoon left us with that comfortable contented-with-the-world feeling that Mr. Bernhard Berenson experiences before an early Porugino, showing tactile values, and space composition, and we at a Jazz exhibition in New York.—Exchange.

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BIG TRACK MEET.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — The Meadowbrook Club track and field games will be held on June 7 at Franklin Field, according to an announcement made by S. J. Dallas, secretary of the club. For nine years the meet has been held indoors, but last winter no indoor place suitable could be obtained. The meet follows the intercollegiate one week, and start athletes from many colleges, schools, and athletic clubs are expected to compete.

AN APPRECIATION OF SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES

McGill Is At the Threshold of a New Era.

The cable announcing Sir Auckland Geddes' acceptance of the Principalship of McGill made pleasant reading. All earnest friends of the University hail this virile leader as the right man in the right place.

McGill is at the threshold of a new era. Re-construction along many lines must be attempted, fresh ideas projected and brought to fruit by a husbandman of wide sympathy and deep convictions, in possession of the knack of "putting it across."

In the words of McGill's distinguished son Sir Wm. Osler—"Opportunity and the man have met."

The Right Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, K.C.B., M.D., will be welcomed home as a worthy son, laden with the honors of a mighty war fully earned and justly bestowed.

It is of interest that Dr. Geddes accepted this new task just thirty years to a day since Dr. Craik was appointed Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in succession to the venerable Dr. Palmer Howard.

Both these grand old men, now passed to their rest, were of that sturdy lineage which stamped that Faculty with its personality and laid deep the foundations for its renown.

MR. BAGEHOT.

At the outset it is proper I should state that I never saw Mr. Bagehot. I know him, if I do know him, through his books alone. . . .

I have enjoyed on rare occasions the conversation of two distinguished poets, Mr. Browning and Mr. Arnold. To both I feel myself under a huge personal obligation. I longed to hear them even distantly approach the subject matter of Christmas-Eve or Rugby Chapel; they never did in my hearing. "Hardly," says Browning, "will a man tell his joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, beliefs and unbeliefs." No! a man will not tell these things, but if he is a true author he will print them.

However, every one who has read Mr. Bagehot's books will agree at once that he is an author who can be known from his books. . . . Mr. Bagehot was a personal author, though he tells us very little directly about himself.

In the year 1853 Bagehot, who was then twenty-seven years of age, had the courage, for his was a dauntless spirit, to write an essay on Shakespeare; not on his plays, nor on his characters, nor on his sonnets, nor on his investments, but on himself—on Shakespeare. To be able to write a good essay on Shakespeare is, in my opinion, the best possible test of an English man of letters. Had we an Academy and an examination for admission no other demand need be made. But who should be the examiners?

Mr. Bagehot began his essay by boldly asserting that it is quite possible to know Shakespeare, and then proceeds: . . . It is easier to write well about Macaulay than about Shakespeare, but perhaps it is not so very easy. . . . I need not premise that Bagehot had an enormous admiration for Macaulay, who supplied him with what a few men love better than their dinner, intellectual entertainment. But Bagehot was a critic, and he writes:

"Macaulay has exhibited many high attainments, many dazzling talents, much singular and well-trained power; but the quality which would most strike the observers of the interior man is what may be called his inexperienced nature. Men of genius are in general distinguished by their extreme susceptibility to external experience. Finer and softer than other men, every exertion of their will, every incident of their lives, influences them more deeply than it would others.

. . . Macaulay has nothing of this. You could not tell what he had been. . . . He early attained a high development, but he has not increased it since. . . . His first speeches are as good as his last, his last scarcely richer than his first. . . . You could never tell from any difference in his style what he had seen, or what he had not seen. He is so insensible to passing objects that they leave no distinctive mark, no intimate peculiar trace. Such a man would naturally think literature more instructive than life. . . . We know that there is a whole class of minds which prefers the literary delineation of objects to the actual eyesight of them." (Literary Studies.)

I do not stop to ask whether we ought to agree with this criticism or not, for I have only made use of it to emphasize my earlier quotations, and to make plainer what I mean when, borrowing, as I am now able to do, Bagehot's own words, I say of him, that he most surely had an experienced nature, and impressed the stamp of life on everything he wrote.—Augustine Birrell.

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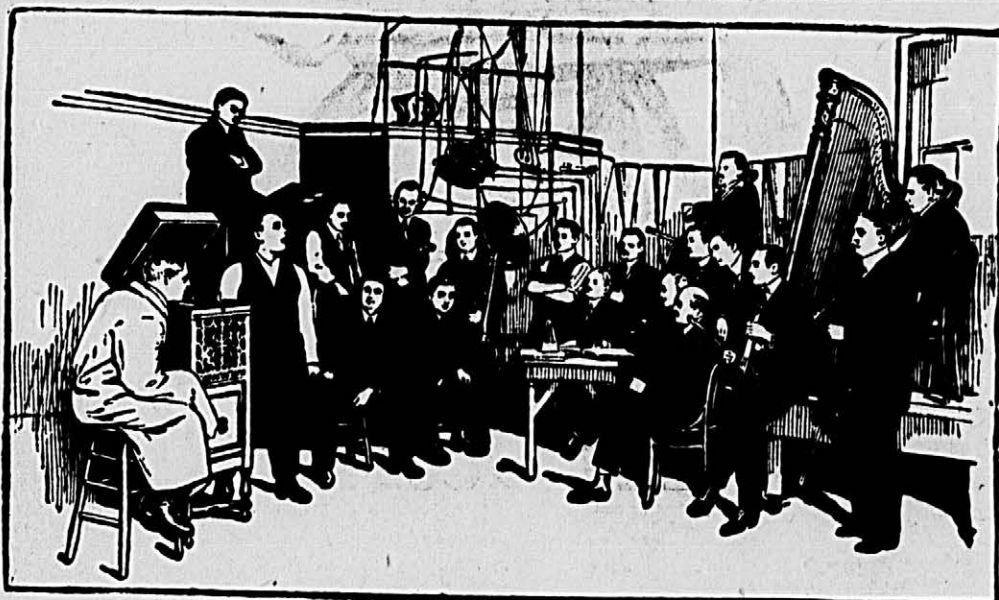
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CRICKETERS MET; ARE ORGANIZING

Strong Team Expected to Turn Out at the Stadium Soon.

A special meeting of the McGill Cricket Club was held to elect officers and to organize for the coming season.

The Club has been granted the use of the McGill Stadium which will make a magnificent ground for their matches and practices.

It is hoped that practices will start about the middle of May. Several of the old stand by's of the Club have signified their intention of turning out with it, and all old members are requested to again assist the Club and turn out and to propose for membership any of their friends who may desire to join.

Old members are requested to send their names in to the Secretary-Treasurer at the address given as soon as possible along with their annual subscription, which in the case of non-university members is five dollars (\$5.00) and of undergraduate members two dollars (\$2.00).

As soon as sufficient names have been received a further general meeting of the Club will be held to complete all arrangements for the season.

The officers elected so far for the season are:—President, Dean Moyle; Vice-Pres., Dr. R. F. Rutan; Sec.-Treasurer, P. C. MacLachlan, P.O. Box 1924, Main 8460; Captain, Mr. Stuart Saunders.

Already five or six of the very strong team which the Club had in 1914 have joined for the coming season, and with these as a nucleus, and with the magnificent Stadium as the playing ground, it is anticipated that the Club will once again have a very active and successful season.

"COL" CULYER UNION PORTER PASSED AWAY

Was a Well-known Figure at Union.

NINE YEARS' SERVICE.

Cheery Personality Won Him Popularity With Students of All Faculties.

With the passing of William Culyer on April 19th, 1919, McGill suffered the loss of one of her most familiar figures and devoted servants. Nearly ten years of service in the capacity of Union Hall Porter had gained Mr. Culyer, or as he was popularly called, "Col. Bill," a host of friends among the students. In fact, to one who for five years has been accustomed to passing a friendly salutation with Culyer almost daily, the Union Hall seems strangely incomplete without his presence.

Obliging in the last degree yet ever mindful of his place and duty, Mr. Culyer rendered irreproachable service. His continued association with McGill made him a well-known character and gained him a considerable degree of intimacy with the students, who were almost to a man more or less on speaking terms with him. The natural result of this affiliation with McGill and student activities was to make Culyer an ardent supporter of university activities regardless of their nature, and he was ever jealous of McGill's record and reputation.

Born in England in 1865, William Culyer spent the greater part of his life in his homeland, only coming to Canada in 1907. On arriving in Montreal he secured employment in A. E. Rea's departmental store, which is now the property of Goodwins, Limited. In 1909 he was engaged by the McGill Union as Hall Porter, which position he continued to occupy until a very short time prior to his decease.

During the summer of 1910 Culyer served in the capacity of Steward on Mr. William Birks' yacht, and subsequent to this experience he presented the "Daily" with a photograph, from which the above cut was made.

Mr. Culyer was an ardent Britisher and no one followed with more interest, more anxiety or more pain the course of the war during the darkest days. The fact that his own son, Sergt. "Bert" Culyer, was in France rendering excellent service with the McGill Hospital, served the more to deepen his sympathy for those who suffered losses. The appearance of each casualty list which included the name of a McGill man, was a blow to Culyer, who was interested in them all, if only for the reason that they were sons of the University.

Nor was the consummation of peace heralded by anyone with greater joy and more sincere thanksgiving than that felt by Mr. Culyer. When news of the cessation of hostilities reached Montreal, we chanced to be in the Union, and although he said little, the fervent hand-clasp and trembling voice betokened the stirring of deep emotions.

For some months prior to his death, Mr. Culyer suffered from ill health, and although he continued to perform his duties he was finally obliged to seek medical advice. His case proved extremely serious, and despite the fact that he did not immediately lay aside his work he continued to fall in health and was finally obliged to relinquish his position in the Union. The end came within a few short weeks.

Mr. Culyer is survived by his widow, one daughter, and a son, Sergt. "Bert" Culyer, still overseas with the McGill Hospital.

DIED APRIL 19TH.



William Culyer.

THE DIARY OF A SENSITIVE SOUL.

Aug. 3.—It is midnight, and the whole earth, and all the stars, and even the moon, are silent — except when I scratch this rotten pen over these tear-stained pages. It is on nights like these that I begin to wonder why I was born. Yes: what is the use of it all? You just stay up a few nights burning the midnight oil, or wasting perfectly good electricity, that doesn't need to be wasted at all, and then some one turns out the light, and the darkness comes on, and it's all over. And then,—I wonder where I came from, and where I'm going to. Am I "going up"?—I don't know. I can't remember whether gloves are on the first or second floor. And then my head begins to ache—it always does when I think, and I don't know why it should.

It would be so much nicer if people understood you! But only ardent souls can soar far above the common drift! Oh! I wish I were a bird!—even if only a sparrow! And I wish my brother didn't snore!

Aug. 4.—It is morning. I am afraid that John hasn't got an ardent soul. He sat with me last night on the shed roof, looking up at the stars. As we talked, I hoped that our hearts were being drawn closer together. To-day a parcel came! I thought it was floral tribute to mark the meeting of our souls. But when I found a dozen lemons, I was awfully surprised. The note said: "I noticed you had a cold. Hot lemonade's the right stuff!" Dear John! It was so like him to do an adorable thing like that! Every time I saw those lemons I thought of John, and I really loved them.

But now I have to go and wash the breakfast dishes. I shudder when I see that porridge pot—but, then, poor mother does not seem to understand or appreciate my fine nature.

Aug. 5.—I don't think I'll keep a diary any more. John happened to see this last night and he said, pretty quietly, almost to himself: "Well, what the —!" That was all he said, but somehow I don't think that John's specially keen about my soul soaring very high. Anyway, I think I can hook him pretty easily without going to all that fuss, so I'll just burn this book when nobody is around. I wish I hadn't bought one with a real leather cover.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

(Continued From Page 4.)
to emphasize my ailerly quotations, The Government claims that it has decreased train-robbery. There be those who insist that every train ride is a robbery now. No return tickets for week-ends.

ON A MISER NAMED MORE.

Iron was his chest,
Iron was his door;
His hand was Iron,
And his heart was more.

BUT HOW?

Casey (on retiring)—"Whatever ye do, North, don't let me oversleep in the morning. If ye don't wake yourself, wake me, anyhow."

QUERIES.

1. Why does Dent like horses?
Because they Whinney.
- 2.—Why do the ladies of our church prefer black to any other colour?
Because Black stands for women's rights.
- 3.—When is a violet in blossom?
When it is with bud the night before.
- 4.—When is a bell not a bell?
When it is Isabel.
- 5.—What does one of the birds in our choir sing?
Tweedel de dum,
Tweedel de dum,
I'm on—I'm on
The Oxford run,
Up in the morning
With the sun,
Fore the rooster's songs begun.

PRESBYTERIAN MEN HELD CONVOCATION

Many Prizes Awarded Successful Students Last Week.

The annual Convocation of the Presbyterian Theological College, affiliated with McGill, was held on April 29th in the Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul, and the following scholarships and prizes awarded.

Theological Scholarships.

Third year, the St. Paul's Church, \$50, Wm. Swan.

Second year, the Dr. Barclay, \$60, C. E. A. Rochdiu.

Second year, the McCorkill, \$100, A. M. Pope, B.A.

First year, the Morrice College, \$100, G. F. Grosjean, B.A.

English Bible, the Joseph Anderson, \$30, G. F. Grosjean, B.A.

University Scholarships.

The Edward McDougall Morrice—University fees, Henry R. C. Avison.

The Morrice College — University fees, Clarence Fraser, I. MacMiller, D. M. Morrison, Donald McLaren.

The McCorkill — University fees, Henry Cousins, James Grier, Rod. A. McRae.

Prizes.

Religious education, \$25, A. M. Pope, B.A.; church architecture, \$10 in books, C. E. A. Rochdiu; elocution, the Principal Kneeland, \$25, Peter Jackson; elocution, the John A. McMaster, \$25, G. F. Grosjean, B.A.; English reading, \$12 in books, James Grier; public speaking, \$10 in books, Wm. Swan.

The valedictory was read by Wm. Swan.

Tweedel de dum,

Tweedel de dum,

Second verse will follow in next issue of this magazine.

—Selected.

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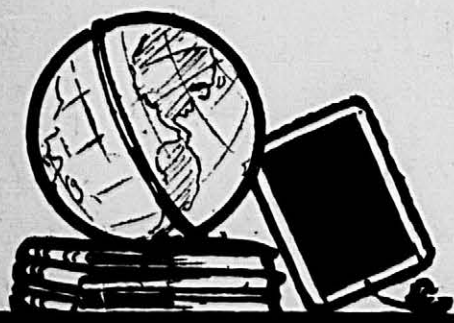
65 Victoria St.

BOOK REVIEW

The Daily has just received a copy of "Echoes of the Great War", by S. M. Baylis, the book being a collection of poems relating to the world conflict arranged in chronological order, and extending over the whole period from 1914 to 1918. These short compositions are worthy of notice as the work of a Canadian author who has seen in the tragedy of war something to uplift the soul. The fourth piece in the book, "The Price," is particularly good and worthy of a place in any Canadian anthology. "Resurgam" breathes the certainty of a glorious renewal of life after the havoc of war.

"With Wreaths of Victory" and "Our Golden Northland" have a ring about them that attracts the reader's ear. Altogether the performance is a meritorious one and shows dignity and reserve on every page.

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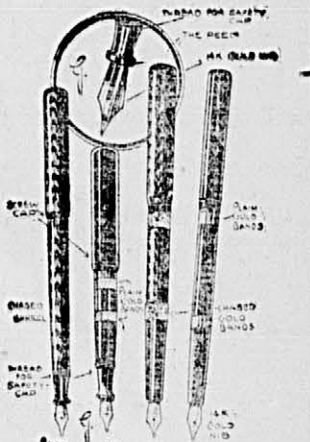
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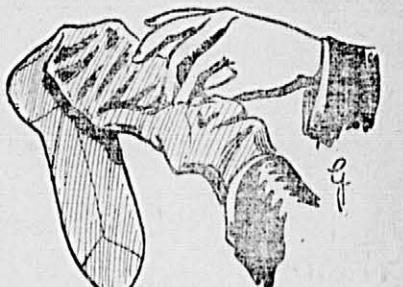
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RE-PRINT FICTION

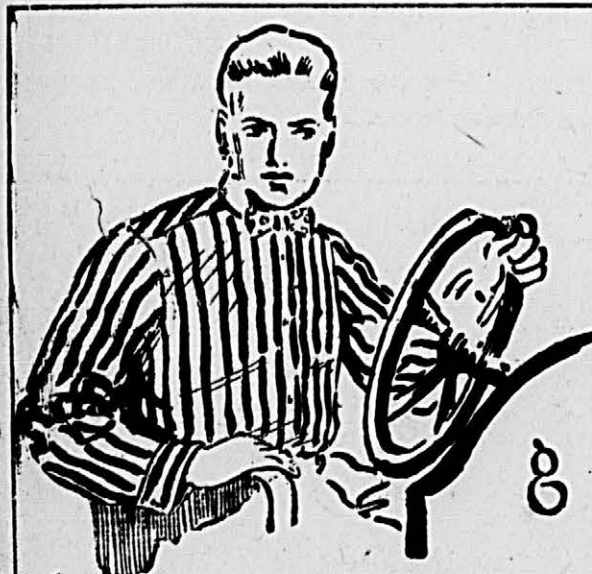
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MUFTI ONCE AGAIN

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Like parting with an old comrade who has shared all your trials and dangers. But they will be kept—those dear old clothes—and your children's children will hear their glorious story.

But it must also be a great relief to be able once more to choose—to feel again the pleasure of exercising your individual taste.

What's it going to be, boys?

Navy blue?

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